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### WORLD'S PEACE IS THREATENED

Dispatches for Constantinople report complete disaster to the Greek army in Asia Minor and it is stated that history has never recorded a defeat so crushing.

Scenes at Smyrna, where the remnants of the Greek army attempted to find temporary security and where hundreds of thousands of refugees sought protection, are described as chaotic.

The defeat is a severe blow at Greece as it ends for the present all dreams of Grecian aggrandizement and does much to restore the Turk to a commanding position in the near east.

British prestige has suffered with the failure of King Constantine and France has gained in influence.

This restoration of Turkish power points clearly to the coming of great conflicts in the future. The old jealousies once more will be aroused and Turkey again will become the bone of contention.

### BESMIRCHING A PUBLIC OFFICER

How easy it is to besmirch the character of a man in public life and how freely does the tongue of censure wag, regardless of the foundation on which gossip operates.

Of this we are reminded by the charges made against Newton D. Baker, former secretary of war, who was the directing head of military operations during the war. That high authority, the Encyclopedia Britannica, which is supposed to be above stooping to bias, declares the secretary did outrageous things during the war.

Here is a paragraph from the Encyclopedia:

"After America entered the war, Secretary Baker recommended moderation toward conscientious objectors and forbade men in uniform to interfere with anti-conscription meetings. The charge of pacifism was often brought against him, and his career generally as secretary was widely condemned throughout the United States as lacking in energy, foresight and ability, and especially for his failure to prepare adequately in the months preceding the American declaration of war."

General Pershing, General Hugh L. Scott and other army officers, have expressed indignation, and General Pershing, in defending Mr. Baker, says:

"It fell to him, probably more than any other individual in America, excepting President Wilson, to contribute, or detract from, the force and effectiveness of American military contribution to the cause of the allies. His support of the commander-in-chief of our forces in France was complete, wholehearted and unswerving. As to this last, my testimony must be accepted as determining."

It will be noted one of the charges brought against the former secretary of war is that he failed to prepare adequately in the months preceding the American declaration of war. The secretary's preparations were defined and limited by congressional enactments and by the ability of the general staff.

It is difficult to answer accusations of that kind because they are so sweeping and subtle and involve the American people as a whole.

### AWFUL TRAFFIC IN NARCOTICS

More destructive to morals and health than the liquor traffic is the traffic in narcotics which is involving all parts of the country.

In an interview in Salt Lake, the head of the Denver division of the federal anti-narcotic bureau, declared more than \$480,000 was the value of the transactions in illicit peddling of narcotics in Salt Lake last year.

Raids have been made and are being made, to try to break up the traffic, but the evil continues.

"Salt Lake City is the center of the traffic," says Mr. Williamson, "in the intermountain west. From the north, south and west narcotics flow into and out of Salt Lake in a manner startling to the average citizen. Old Mexico especially is a source from which much of Salt Lake's illicit morphine and cocaine is imported. Morphine is used to a greater extent than is cocaine. Heroin is only found in rare instances. Morphine is sold in Salt Lake in bundles containing not less than one grain. The retail purchase price is \$1 a grain. According to the head of the raiding party, one grain of the drug will make a 'hop-head normal' for about three hours. A man may buy about six grains for \$3.75.



## TOM SIMS SAYS

Happiness is a state of mind your own business.

Everyman starts life as a baby. It is best to outgrow it.

When hubby helps with the dishes you know who is boss.

Some towns have all the luck. Two motorcycles smashed in Detroit.

The man who makes the worst of things gets it.

We respect telephone girls. They are connected with some of the best families in town.

Our trains may be late; but Russian time tables are calendars.

More women are shooting their husbands. Practice makes perfect.

What could help a safety first campaign more than longer skirts?

A wise man never poisons his wife or selects their wall paper.

Wouldn't it be great if an American dollar was worth as much here as it is in Germany?

Terrible thing about girls showing their ears again is they may wiggle them while dancing.

Michigan man thinks he is the devil.

The cost wholesale is \$25 for 480 grains.

"Since the advent of prohibition it has been found that the price of narcotics has jumped enormously. In pre-Volstead days, sixty grains could be purchased for 75 cents. That amount at present costs the addict from \$60 to \$75. It has been determined by investigation that addicts are not using so great a quantity of the drugs because they are unable to raise enough money to purchase the desired quantity. People of no apparent source of income are the greatest users of drugs. They wander around in rags for the sake of a bit of the substance which will raise them for a few hours from their depression."

What does all the demoralization mean? Have the people weakened in moral structure; have the authorities lost their power; or are the churches and the homes failing to exert the steadying influence as of old?

### DRIFT OF EUROPEAN SENTIMENT SHOWN

The dispatches of Messrs. Harden, Gardiner and Tardieu in this issue offer an invaluable index to conditions in Europe today. All three are notable, Mr. Gardiner's cable is particularly striking, telling as it does of the drift of European opinion toward the league of nations, which heretofore has been regarded with no little scorn. Mr. Harden pictures conditions in Germany in his usual fearless fashion. He says Germany alone is to blame for her present hopeless financial condition. It is stupid to blame the allies for they have not yet put the financial and economical clauses of the treaty of Versailles into effect. This is an entirely new thought. Mr. Tardieu points out the menace of the Turk victories over the Greeks but says the conflict was inevitable. The Kemalist-soviet alliance is a cause for real worry. The scope and range of the three dispatches are remarkable.

### BREWERS

The home brewer, making beer and wine in his cellar, is technically as much a violator of the Volstead act as the bootlegger peddling "white mule." The home brewer, of course, chloroforms his conscience by imagining that he operates under the wing of an unwritten law.

Find a way to make the country absolutely bone-dry for 90 days and you will get action on prohibition, one way or the other. A final and definite decision is next to impossible as long as prohibition is only a half-hearted attempt at weaning.

### POWER

Steinmetz, electrical wizard, says that the energy locked up in one pound of coal is enough to operate a radio receiving station 1000 years without stopping.

Apparently, he refers to atomic energy, most of which escapes without being used. The way we burn coal is like eating one potato out of a bushel and throwing the rest away.

When inventors discover, as they will, a method of scientific combustion that will utilize coal without waste of energy, 10 pounds of coal will keep a house warm more than a month.

### DOLLS

American toy exporting firm gets this letter from a customer in Lucknow, India: "The same wax dolls is all running away, owing to equatorial heat of Indian summer. Eight china dolls is to hand with six broken noses and nine cats is come with only seven tails. The leopards is too much deficient in spots for our climate."

Very easy to talk glibly about building up foreign trade. Not so easy, when you try it. Its basis, like everything else worthwhile, is infinite attention to details.

Moral: Don't believe everything your wife tells you.

Stewards plan to eliminate strange words from menus. Nothing is said about eliminating strange prices.

We saw a man who was down in the mouth and up in the air.

Hunt the bright side. If your clothes were better, people might mistake you for a bootlegger.

An elephant's trunk has 40,000 muscles. It is the only trunk a baggage man can't smash.

The man who takes his own time never has any left over.

"Plain girls are clever," finds a professor. But, professor, is a clever girl plain?

Funny things happen. A poet has become a prize fighter.

Edison admits he invented the phonograph; but it is doubtful if blame for these railroad wrecks will ever be placed.

Beauty secret: Never cuss a woman whose finger nails are long.

It's about equal. High-brows have the brows, low-brows the chins.

A few mere weeks to do something to be thankful for Thanksgiving.

### KEGS

Keg manufacturers say a great change is taking place in their industry. The popularity of the five-gallon keg seems to be on the wane.

Apparently last year's sample batch was satisfactory, for the demand now is for 10-gallon kegs, with 15 and 25-gallon sizes crowding Brother Ten.

The current sensation among home brewers is the 52-gallon used whisky barrel, direct from bonded warehouses. Some experts say a whiff at the bung is worth the price of the barrel.

### WAGES

Wages of factory workers in New York state average \$24.77 a week, says industrial commission's report.

This is, within a few cents, double the wages paid in 1914 when the war was getting under way in Europe.

Economists say that New York factory wages are a national weather-vane. Are they right?

### OUT OF THE WILD

By Berton Braley

Home again, home again, back from vacation.

Back to the comforts of civilization. Back where the bugs don't attend each collation.

Back where the food isn't constantly tried.

Home, where the beds aren't excessively lumpy.

Home, where the tables aren't shaky or lumpy.

Home, where the floors aren't all gnarly and bumpy.

After all, home is the place to abide.

Home, where the windows aren't stubborn and sticky.

Home, where the stove isn't smoky and tricky.

Where all the woodwork's not wormy and ticky.

Where you get water by turning a tap.

Where there are mirrors to aid your vanity.

Where milk and papers are brought each morning.

Life in the country I'm not at all scorning.

Still, I think home's the best spot on the map.

There'll be collectors to bother and hound me.

There will be noise of the city around me.

Worries and cares that have often-times bound me.

Once more will give me a pain in the dome.

Business will drive me without much cessation.

Clothes, food and fuel-bills cause irritation.

Nevertheless I'm through now with vacation.

Take it from me, it's good to be home! (Copyright, 1933, NEA Service)

## RESURRECTION ROCK

by Edwin Palmer

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

Lucas Cullen, who stared at him with eyes widened, with jaw dropped, the dim, pink light upon his skin lost a tint as the blood went from Lucas Cullen's face; and Barney knew that he had recognized the voice.

"Direct voice!" some one gasped in awe; and others whispered it. "We're hearing a direct voice! That's her voice—I knew her!"

Bennet Cullen had recognized it, and dropped down into his seat, astounded. His mother knew the voice; and Jaccard; most certainly of all, Lucas Cullen continued in the conviction that one dead was speaking.

"I am going to tell the account of Lucas Cullen and his family and of myself and my son," said the voice clearly and steadily. "It begins far back; yet is brief enough."

So far, even to Barney, the voice seemed to proceed from no located source. He had believed his mother present among the veiled women at the left of the rows where the lights had gone out; but such was the quality of her tone that it seemed not enunciated from one spot but pervasive throughout the room.

Every one was silent.

"The beginning," continued the voice, "was when I was a child in the Michigan forest. My father was the man whose spirit just now was here holding the Book of Mormon—whose cabin Lucas Cullen entered to quarrel with him and kick the Book of Mormon from the doorway. My father was Richard Drane. He cleared the rocky woods and married a Gen- tle girl from Big Rapids and was living an honorable, useful life when he crossed the path of Lucas Cullen who recently had arrived to make his fortune in the forest."

The source of the voice was discovered. It came from that darkened end of the room where Barney had supposed his mother to be; and, as people craned about or stood to see the speaker, she arose and, facing east off her veil and the dark coat she had worn, she stood a little apart, dressed all in white.

"Mrs. Cullen!—Agnes!—Mrs. Oliver Cullen!—She's here!—That's her!—How did she—How changed! How could it be—"

It seemed to Barney that every one must recognize that she was before them in the body; yet so strong had been the spell of the illusion that a few sat as if they were a phantom. Lucas Cullen did.

When she spoke on, Barney recognized that her deliberate, careful words were being recited from rehearsals within her ears, repeated through years of waiting for such a moment.

"My father," she said, "had abandoned farming to take out lumber, cutting from land he had home-steaded and from surrounding sections which he bought. You could buy timber land cheap in those days; but there were men who thought it foolish to pay the government anything at all for the great trees on the state lands. They bought a section and set up a mill and cut over the square miles all around. Lucas Cullen was one of these men. My father fought from the government ten hundred acres of standing timber which he found that Lucas Cullen was cutting. This caused trouble for Cullen when my father asked for a refund on his purchase money."

But the Mormon Drane—what-ever Lucas Cullen told against him—had one wife only. She was my mother. Cullen spread about the end of the lies, which proved in the end the most dangerous, was that the Mormon had lost for the wife of another lumberman, Henry Laylor."

As she spoke, Agnes Cullen came forward and showed herself more plainly in the light. No one—not even Lucas Cullen, in his guilt-ridden consciousness—believed her a phantom now.

"Lucas Cullen told the lie about Richard Drane and Laylor's wife only to harm the man who had made him trouble, and to injure a rival. Henry Laylor, he found that Lucas Cullen was cutting. This caused trouble for Cullen when my father asked for a refund on his purchase money."

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Justice and for a trial for the Mormon and stopped the lynching—and perjured Richard Drane into the cell where he died—my father—for a crime which Lucas Cullen and his man Quinlan had done.

"Is it not so, Lucas Cullen? Stand up and deny it, if not so?"

She stopped and waited for answer; but Lucas Cullen neither stirred nor replied.

"My father did not die for many years," Barney heard his mother say. "My mother worked constantly to get my father free. She died when I was a young girl, and I took up the useless attempts. I changed my name and came to Chicago to watch Lucas Cullen; he left Chicago and built his house at St. Florentin; and I went to live near here."

"That was the summer before his daughter married, when he had her friend, the Marquis de Chenal, as his guest at St. Florentin. So De Chenal happened to meet me one day; he left Lucas Cullen's house several times after that to find me. He attracted me, too. I thought he loved me."

Her voice for a moment failed.

"I told De Chenal why I was as I was, how my father was in prison, falsely accused by Lucas Cullen. De Chenal swore to help me; he was not in my cause," she continued. "He swore to justify my father and punish Lucas Cullen. First, he would marry me. I loved and believed him; perhaps he believed himself in those days; I was very young and he was young and we went to a priest—"

Barney began to make his way toward her. Now she was stripping her soul before these gazing people, not to punish Lucas Cullen, but to acknowledge him, her son.

"Lucas Cullen learned of it, but gave out that his guest had gone on a hunting trip, she pressed on. He followed and finally found us. His money, of course, was an influence; I had nothing; De Chenal owed two million francs. Lucas Cullen made his escape easy. I was under age, legal necessities had been ignored. He married De Chenal to his daughter, gave him money and packed him off. It was easier than before to make me an outcast. The next spring, my son was born."

"Mother!" Barney cried, forbidding her as she stepped toward her under the light. From the other side of the room, where she had been, women called her name. But she did not hear them.

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JOSEPH H. YOUNG